Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ha. 'Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*
hath clawed mee in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere *Cains* iaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be ỹ pate of a polliticiã, which this Asse now ore-reaches, one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse whẽ a ment to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maz er with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke ont.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
for and a shrowding sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, hisquillities, his cases, his tenurs, & his trickes? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sconce with a durty shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham I thinke it be thine indeede for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lye out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeares I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou bene a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why because a was mad': a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there,

Ham. Why? (as hee.

Clow. 'Twill not be seene in him there, there the are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say,

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue beene Sexton heere man and boy thirty yeares.